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TURN OUT!

A

MUSICAL FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.

BY

JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.

Second Edition.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;

FOR SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY.

1812.

Price Two Shillings.

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CHARACTERS.

Restive - - - - - - - -	Mr. Dowton.
Somerville - - - - - - -	Mr. Phillips,
Dr. Truckle - - - - - - -	Mr. Lovegrove,
Forage - - - - - - - -	Mr. Knight,
Gregory - - - - - - - -	Mr. Oxbery,
Cook - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Maddocks,
Gardiner - - - - - - - -	Mr. Evans,
Simon - - - - - - - - -	Mr. Chatterley.
Marian Ramsay - - - - -	Miss Duncan,
Mrs. Ramsay - - - - - -	Miss Tidswell,
Peggy - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Scott.

TURN OUT!

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Room in the House of* RESTIVE.

SOMERVILLE *walking about in reverie.* FORAGE *enters to him.*

SOMERVILLE.

WELL, it's lucky I've a tolerable degree of patience, or I should certainly be one of the most miserable men in existence.

For. When you have done with your meditations, sir, your uncle wishes to see you.

Som. I know it, Forage—Heigho!

For. Aye, sir, we're two unlucky fellows.

Som. We are, Forage, indeed. You have often been a sharer in my gaiety—now, if you have nothing better to do, we'll for a few moments mingle our sorrows.

For. We have mingled nothing else lately, sir. It will be only, as the apothecary says, the mixture as before.

Som. That my uncle's temper should be so tyrannically passionate—

For. And yours so provokingly composed and independent—

Som. Is a fatal contrast, certainly.

For. You studied under Doctor Truckle, sir; and I must say, you ought to have learnt better.

Som. No sneers at the Doctor, sir. If he does enjoy a little more of my uncle's favour, hasn't he

richly deserved it?—cherished his foibles, encouraged him to perplex his poor head with his political pamphlets, till he becomes every day more choleric and unmanageable—and then doesn't he offer himself as the patient butt of all his infirmities?

For. Yes, sir—and you are pleased to quiz him for his infirmities, by which means the Doctor, I suspect, will sneak into a good fortune, and you'll joke yourself out of one.

Som. It may be so—but you would'nt have me quite despair?

For. Why, sir, I've a piece of news for you that won't much raise your hopes, I've a notion.

Som. Out with it.

For. Why, sir, the housekeeper tells the butler, and the butler tells me, that the old gentleman has sent for a new relation out of Scotland.

Som. A new relation?—It must be a very distant one then.

For. It is, sir—some sister's husband's brother's wife's daughter—or something thereabouts, I know.

Som. Well, sir?

For. Well, sir—she's expected to arrive every hour; and when she does, he means to marry her to Doctor Truckle directly.

Som. A very serious intelligence, indeed.

For. You may think of it as you like, sir—but, with submission, both together they'll put your nose out of joint to a certainty.

Som. And if they do, I shall strictly return the compliment upon the Doctor's, depend upon it.

For. Well, sir, you seem to take it very coolly.

Som. *(Calmly)* No, I assure you I'm in a devil of a rage about it. If I am disinherited, Forage, what becomes of my dear Marian?

For. Aye, sir, and of my Peggy?

Som. Both, I believe, equally poor—

For. And, like their admirers, equally amiable.

Som. However, as we haven't heard from them these six weeks, there's some probability that their affection may fortunately be on the decline.

For. Yes, that's some comfort, sir, certainly —and our only hope now is, that they don't care a damn about us.

Som. Fickle, fickle woman! and yet that I should be doom'd to love her still!

For. Aye, sir, that's right—let us fairly vent our complaints, and then we shall be easier.

Som. Come then, sir, fairly and candidly.

DUET.

Som. With not one line her truth to prove,
Will Marian bless my sight;
Can she who learnt so well to love,
So quickly learn to slight?

For. With not one line her truth to prove,
Will Peggy bless my sight—
For she who learnt so well to love,
Could never learn to write.

Both. Heigho! heigho!
Two am'rous wanderers we go
Through the wide world to sigh heigho!

Som. Yet here, like lover true, I swear,
And Heav'n my witness be,
Should Fate for me a crown prepare,
I'd share that crown with thee!

For. And I eternal truth will swear,
But Heaven my witness be,
That I shall share, sweet maid, I fear,
Scarce half-a-crown with thee.

Both. Heigho! heigho! &c.

For. So much for our mistresses; and now I think you may spare a few moments to your affectionate uncle.

Som. I think I may, Forage.

GREGORY *enters.*

Greg. How d'ye do, gentlemen?

For. Your most obedient, sir. This is Mr. Gregory, sir, the new footman.

Greg. I hope you're pretty well, sir.

Som. You are very kind, sir. And pray is that the sole intention of your visit?

Greg. Why, sir, not quite; for as I was coming out of politeness to pay my duty to you, he, as they call Doctor Truckle, told me to tell you that when you was at leisure master wanted to see you.

For. You'll have him break out, sir, presently.

Som. No, Forage, he knows me too well. He'll forbear with me as long as possible, you may be sure; and if we only keep from parting, I verily think at last I shall make him as calm and genteel as Mr. Gregory himself. [*Exit.*

Greg. Come, that's very handsome of him, however.

For. But no compliment, Mr. Gregory, I'm sure.

Greg. Do you think not, Mr. Forage?

For. To be sure I do. You are a genteel fellow, certainly.

Greg. Why I think I've a bit of a turn that way. But then I always made it my study. Natur was pretty liberal to me, to be sure—but natur never gives none on us the last polish.

For. A very just remark.

Greg. Never, sir; beauty aint every thing—manners makes the man to a certainty.

For. You're perfectly right, sir—and pray have you seen your new master yet?

Greg. No, not yet. But if he don't send for me, I shall make it a pint for to go and pay my respects to him in doo time.

For. Indeed! I think I see you paying your respects to him.

Greg. I wish you may; I think you'd approve of it. I shall do it in a proper and becoming manner, I promise you. Polly Smallfry always said to me, "Gregory," says she, "you only behave polite and genteel, and there's no fear of your getting on, my love."

For. And pray who's Polly Smallfry?

Greg. Between you and I she's my flame.

For. Very genteel, indeed.

Greg. But you'll excuse me; I'm a going into Doctor Truckle's room to look for a pen, and ink, and paper, to write to her. She'll think it unhandsome if I don't let her know I'm safely arrived in good health, you know, and so forth.

For. Certainly—and all this gentility and attention to Polly Smallfry will get you into high favour with your old master, I've no doubt.

Greg, Why if he's up to snuff, I shouldn't at all wonder. If you're going this way, sir, I'll follow you.

For. After you, sir.

Greg. I couldn't think of it.

For. You're a very polite gentleman, upon my honour. [*Exeunt ceremoniously.*

SCENE—another Room. A Table with Books, Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Enter a MAN-COOK *and* BOY *meeting.*

Cook. Well, have you seen him?

Boy. No; I peep'd in at the door, and I see he's a writing and screwing up his mouth; and when he's in that way, you know it's impossible to speak to him.

Cook. But I tell you you must speak to him. I can't wait all day—and there'll be the devil to pay if his dinner isn't ready in time.

Boy. Well, if I must, I must—but I know what the consequence will be. [*Exit.*

GARDINER *enters.*

Gard. Well, Cook, have you got the orders?

Cook. No. Dick says he's full of his writings, and so was afraid to ask him.—But it's impossible to wait any longer, so I have sent him back again.

BOY *returns.*

Boy. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! Run, Cook, run!

Cook. What's the matter?

Boy. The matter! Why, he's thrown a large book at me—and now he's coming after me in such a passion.

Rest. (without.) I'll be the death of you, you young rascal, I will.

Cook. Oh! the devil! Let's get out of his way till his passion's over. Here he is.—Come along! [*Exeunt.*

RESTIVE *enters (a paper in his hand.)*

Rest. Where is the villain?—Was there ever such a set of infernal, troublesome, impertinent blockheads!—To disturb me in such a critical moment! In five minutes the whole national debt would have been entirely liquidated. Never was any thing so provoking! When the great plan was just working to a consummation, a damn'd imp of a boy asks me what I'll have for dinner, oversets the glorious discovery, and then runs off, and leaves his country in the midst of its difficulties. Where is Doctor Truckle? Now the mischief's done, not a soul comes near me. Why, Simon, Gregory, Doctor Truckle!—I see they'll drive me raving, and then I suppose they'll be satisfied.

SONG

All the world was born to vex me,
Worry, flurry, and perplex me.
Vain my brilliant meditations,
Patriotic lucubrations!
Still they come to mar my labours,
Friends, relations, servants, neighbours.
All the world was born to vex me, &c.

Simon!—Doctor!—all about me
Spoil my temper, jeer and flout me;
Sometimes coming, no one calling;
Sometimes deaf to all my bawling:
Anger craving,
Danger braving,
Till, at last, they'll drive me raving.
All the world was born, &c.

FORAGE *enters.*

For. Did you call, sir?

Rest. Oh! you're come, are you, sir? And where's your master, sir? why doesn't he come when I send for him?

For. Why, sir, I believe—

Rest. Don't tell me what you believe, sir! I believe, sir, he wants to provoke me, as usual, with his impudent composure. But it won't do, sir! Does he mean to come or not, sir?

For. Indeed I don't know, sir.

Rest. You don't know, sir—and why don't you know, sir?—Why don't you look for him?

For. If you desire it, sir, certainly. I'll tell him, that his uncle, in his usual mild and gracious manner——

Rest. (threatening.) You'll tell him what, sir?

For. I'll tell him you wish to see him, sir.

Rest. What, you want to put me in a passion, like your master, do you? But it won't do, sir; neither of you shall; I'll be *damn'd* if you shall. Get out of the room, sir—Get out of the room. (FORAGE *going.)* Stop, sir—come back. Go up

to the library, and desire Doctor Truckle to bring me down the two folio volumes of Rapin. Do you understand me?

For. Yes, sir; desire him to bring them down himself, sir?

Rest. Why, are you deaf, lout? Do as I order you.

For. Directly, sir.

Rest. Stop, sir—come here—come here. (FORAGE *advances cautiously.)* You've served abroad, haven't you?

For. Yes, sir.

Rest. And know something of geography, I dare say?

For. A little, sir.

Rest. Then answer me like a sensible fellow. What's your private opinion of a grand political union between Great Britain, North America, and the Cape of Good Hope? (FORAGE *bursts into a smothered laugh.)* Get out of the room, sir. *(driving him out.)* An impudent, insolent jackanapes. Now if I can but recover the chain of my calculations. *(Refers to his paper.* FORAGE *returns chuckling, and showing in* GREGORY *unobserved.)* Let me see—If I make it clearly appear that the operation of the sinking fund——

Greg. How do you do, sir? I hope you're pretty well?

Rest. (turning suddenly round and violently boxing his ears.) How dare you, sir! how dare you!—You hope I'm pretty well! How dare you take such a liberty?

Greg. I beg pardon. I thought it were but good manners—but since it gives you offence, I won't hope so any more.

Rest. What, you're my new footman, I suppose?

Greg. Yes, sir, recommended by Squire Old-school, of Devonshire.

Rest. Oh! here comes Doctor Truckle.—Help him, sir—why don't you help him?

[Doctor Truckle *enters, carrying two large folios,* Gregory *goes to help him and throws them both down on his toes.*

Dr. Tr. Sdeath! the booby has lamed me.

Rest. How dare you lame him?

Greg. I ax your pardon—it was the gentleman's own clumsiness, indeed.

Rest. How the devil can you be so clumsy, Doctor?

Dr. Tr. Pray don't let it disturb you, I beg.

Rest. Well, well.

Dr. Tr. You have enough to vex you, I'm sure.

Rest. I have indeed. Every body studies to vex me but you, Doctor; and then they say I'm irritable.

Dr. Tr. They do you great injustice.

Rest. They do me damnable injustice. *(Here* Gregory *seats himself at the table—takes a sheet of paper, and begins to write.)*

Dr. Tr. Your nephew may talk, sir—but there are moments when Socrates might have studied you with advantage—and if you were but known, history has no instance of such a patriot.

Rest. I don't think it has. Sir, you're a liberal critic as well as a true friend.—But let my fair relation reward you—she shall atone to both of us for the insults we have suffered from my unnatural nephew.

Dr. Tr. Indeed it grieves me that I cannot be the young man's advocate—but how I should have merited—

Rest. Psha! curse your modesty! I tell you I won't be plagued with it. Have her you must and shall—aye, and you'll like her too. The accounts I have of her are all as your heart could

wish—youth, beauty, sound sense, solid information, and no romance.

Dr. Tr. A treasure indeed! Some lessons I may furnish her of Greek and Roman virtue, may yet improve her.

Rest. I tell you what, Doctor—if you talk to the girls about Greek and Roman virtue you'll talk like an old blockhead. *(Doctor smiles.)*—But as to her sense, I've a sure criterion to judge of that. I sent her down my last pamphlet—there's no name to it, you know; and as I haven't informed her it's mine, I shall be able to get her real opinion of it.

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) Then her only chance is, that she hasn't read it.

Rest. Doctor—don't you expect it will be quoted in the house?

Dr. Tr. Sir, it will be the statesman's pocket-companion, the minister's vade-mecum; that is, when it's known.

Rest. Of course, when it's known—I say—I mean to quote it myself at the next county meeting.

Dr. Tr. Public-spirited to the last.

Rest. Let's hear how it reads, Doctor. *(Takes a pamphlet from his pocket.)* There, begin it, will you, and let's hear.

Dr. Tr. (Reads very slow.) "The important crisis at which the affairs of Europe are now arrived, the system of politics which has for some time past been adopted in this country"—what a Ciceronian rotundity! "must lead every thinking, every considerate, every reflecting mind"—

Rest. Damn it, Doctor, don't read so slow. Don't let it come so heavy upon one—a little brisker—"The important crisis at which the affairs"——

Dr. Tr. I understand *(imitates)* "The im-

portant crisis at which the affairs of Europe are now arrived; the system of politics"—

Rest. Psha! psha! psha! that's too quick.—Zounds! can't you observe a medium?

Dr. Tr. I beg pardon—I perceive what you mean. I'll begin again.

Rest. Aye, now then.

[*Turns away and listens.*

Greg. (*At the table, reading aloud what he has written.*) "I arrived here last night in pretty good health and sperrits."—

Rest. I arrived here!—why, what's that?—How dare you, sir—what do you do there, sir?

[*Drives him away.*

Greg. I were but writing to my friends for politeness.

Rest. None of your politeness here, sir. Get out of the room. [*Exit* Gregory.] That booby thinks I've hired him to practise politeness.—Oh! here comes my Lord Composure—here comes Mr. Serenity. He sha'n't triumph over my temper, at any rate.

Somerville *enters.*

Som. I heard you sent for me, sir.

Rest. Yes, and you have been in great haste to obey me.

Som. I wou'dn't for the world, sir, abridge the precious moments you dedicate to so valuable a companion as this gentleman—this paragon of patience, complaisance, condescension—in short, of every Christian and accommodating virtue.

Dr. Tr. Always, at least, too modest to hear my own praises, and therefore, at present, your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Rest. What! you want to put the Doctor in a passion too.

Som. I know his philosophy too well, sir.

Rest. Do you so?—Well, sir, and now I've a word or two, if you please, for your philosophy. I sent for you, to tell you, sir, that your apartments in this house are wanted; and the sooner you provide yourself elsewhere, the more agreeable.

Som. I understand you, sir—sent for me, to give me regular warning.

Rest. Precisely so, sir; and I hope, for your own sake, you'll take it, without reducing me to a forcible ejectment.

Som. And what's to become of me then, sir?

Rest. Return to your regiment; or, if you don't like that, turn scavenger—highwayman—king of the gipsies, if you like.

Som. A very pretty thought, sir; and I think the character would become me exceedingly.

Rest. I don't know that. You have certainly the impudence of a highwayman; but curse me if I think you have half grace enough for a beggar. As for me, sir, henceforth I am inflexible as a rock.

Som. Flinty as a rock, I'm sure, sir—and yet I was in hopes—

Rest. Well, sir—what were you in hopes of, sir?

Som. That when you had disposed of the debts of the nation, you'd give a little consideration to your nephew's.

Rest. Really! You have made it a very thankful office, haven't you?

Som. Ah! sir, I wish the nation may be half as grateful.

Rest. And if it were not, sir, it would never keep up its stock of patriotism, depend upon it. No, sir, henceforth you'll raise your own supplies, if you please. If you employ me, like a discreet minister I lay no tax on my own purse, I promise you; and so, sir, you have my ultimatum.

[*Going.*

Som. Stop, sir—what think you of the old expedient in cases of difficulty? a trifling loan, for instance?

Rest. If you find a contractor, I shall wish you joy of him with all my heart.

Som. You shall have the preference, sir, by all means. Come, sir, what will you bid me?

Rest. What I always shall on all such occasions —a very good morning.

Som. Ha! ha! ha!

Rest. Oh! curse your sneers; but they sha'n't provoke me, you most abandoned, aggravating, impudent profligate. [*Exit.*

Som. So, this is something like a crisis at last. Now have I a great mind, if it were not for my vows to Marian, to make violent love to this new relation. But as matters stand—well, thanks to my stars, I'm not given to despondency; and in this, as well as every other dilemma, I can still cherish hope, and trust to fortune.

SONG.

If love, as they say, be the solace of youth,
And my mistress neglect all my ardour and truth;
To forswear her whole sex in revenge may be right,
But then in a soldier would that be polite?
Oh! no, no, no.
So Philosophy brightened with Hope's cheering ray,
Be still my specific for sorrow;
And if I can't have all my wishes to-day,
I can very well wait till to-morrow.

Though the wrath of my uncle against me is hurl'd,
Yet Poverty offers to show me the world;
And if Wealth's fickle vot'ries frown on my lot,
Must I die in despair? no, I'd much rather not.
Oh! no, no, no.
But Philosophy brightened with Hope's cheering ray,
Be still my specific for sorrow;
And if I can't have all my wishes to-day,
I can very well wait till to-morrow.

Enter GREGORY, *showing in* MARIAN RAMSAY *and* PEGGY.—GREGORY *with his Letter.*

Greg. This way, miss. Bless me! how I am interrupted in my letter. Who did you say, miss?

Mar. Miss Ramsay, from Scotland.

Greg. Miss Ramsay!—Polly will think it very unhandsome, I'm sure. *(Reads his letter.)* "I arrived here last night"—

Peggy. Don't stand mumbling there, but go and look for your master. *(Pushes him.)*

Greg. I wonder where that young woman was brought up! [*Exit.*

Peggy. Well, ma'am, now we're here, hadn't I better go and look after the Captain and Mr. Forage as soon as possible?

Mar. Mercy on me! what! the moment we arrive? For heaven's sake, take a little breath, girl!

Peggy. Lord, ma'am! if I do, 'tis ten to one but Mr. Forage takes it away again directly.

Mar. Don't tell me of Mr. Forage; go and help my mother with the luggage immediately.

Peggy. Yes, miss, I'll look to that first certainly; but with respect to our lovers, the less time we lose the better, miss, take my word for it. [*Exit.*

Mrs. RAMSAY *enters.*

Mar. Well, mother!

Mrs. R. Well, child! you haven't seen him yet?

Mar. No, not yet.

Mrs. R. Then pray, my dear girl, while it isn't too late, pray give up your mad project—once more let me beg it of you.

Mar. It's all in vain, mother. I'm determined to disgust him; and there's nothing like the first

impression. You know I came to satisfy my uncle, and in the hope of meeting my dear Somerville. But since I have heard, on such good authority, the real state of old Restive's family affairs, he makes me no party to his projects, I promise him. What! do you think I'll be the means of disinheriting a worthy young fellow, because he won't assist in turning his poor uncle's brain—and all to enrich a stupid old parasite! No, if I do, may I sprain my ancle in the midst of a reel, and never revenge another romping kiss from the generous lad of my heart.

Mrs. R. Bless the girl! she thinks of nothing but reels and romping kisses. How can you be so unreasonable? As to young Somerville, I shou'dn't wonder if you never set eyes on him again; and then, who knows but you may like this Doctor Truckle?

Mar. Like him? why he's past his grand climacteric.

Mrs. R. What then? There was your father, even in the winter of his years, would sometimes be as gay and as lively as if it were but May-day with him.

Mar. Ah! mother, we all know what your fine weather in winter is—a gleam of sunshine may melt the ice for a little while; but it's very apt to freeze again at night.

Mrs. R. Well, but consider the character I have given of you; I'm afraid his disappointment will all light upon me. And then, why make your case so desperate? You know I love the man of your heart as much as you do, for his generosity to your cousin Andrew—and cou'dn't we contrive now to discard the Doctor and recommend him?

Mar. And what then becomes of the poor nephew? No, no, it's a shabby business, and I'll have nothing to do with it.

Mrs. R. Heaven help us! you're so headstrong.

Mar. Hark! here he comes, mother.

Mrs. R. Does he? Then I'll get out of the way till the meeting's over, for I'm sure I shall be frightened out of my wits. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now then, to give him a specimen of all those brilliant accomplishments which my foolish friends have so lavishly bestowed on me.

(MARIAN *assumes an air of gawky silliness.)*

Enter RESTIVE, *followed by* GREGORY.

Rest. Here did you say?—Ah! my dear young lady! *(noticing her manner)* Zounds, this can't be she!—I beg pardon, miss, pray are you the young lady from Scotland?

Mar. Did you speak to me, sir?

Rest. To be sure I did.

Mar. What did you say, sir?

Rest. I say are you the young lady I expect from Scotland?

Mar. Oh! yes, I come out of Scotland.

Rest. Then, come to my arms, my darling, come to my arms.

Mar. (after a pause) What did you say, sir?

Rest. Zounds! I say, come to my arms.

Mar. I don't know what you mean, I'm sure, sir.

Rest. What the devil, is the girl an idiot? It must be some stranger; it never can be she.—Who are you, girl? What's your name?

Mar. Did you speak to me, sir?

Rest. To be sure I did. Have you lost your senses?

Mar. Oh! dear sir, if I haven't, I'm sure you'll frighten me out of them.

Rest. Tell me your name then, directly.

Mar. Yes, sir; I'm Marian Ramsay, you know, sir, your distant relation.

Rest. Yes, upon my soul, a very distant relation indeed. Why, then, if you are my relation, why don't you behave like one—eh? Come, give me your hand—(*takes it*) well, and how are you, my girl?

Mar. Pretty well, thank'ye, sir.

Rest. Well, and have you had a safe journey? and how long have you been arrived, eh?

Mar. What did you say, sir?

Rest. I say, how long have you been arrived?

Greg. (*looking over his letter*) "I arrived here last night in pretty good health and sperrits."

Rest. Get out of the room, you impudent blockhead! (*drives him out.*) 'Sdeath, girl, why don't you give me some account of yourself?

Mar. Yes, to be sure, sir. I'll give you some account of myself directly.

SONG.

I'm Marian Ramsay, from Scotland I come,
All adown the green dale where the violets are springing,
And much I should grieve from dear Scotland to part,
But I'm come to the south, sir, to get a sweetheart.
With my fa la la la, while the birds are a singing.

They say my relation's a mighty odd man,
All away from the dale, &c.
'Tis you, sir, I'm sure, for, the truth to reveal,
As we say in the north, you're a comical cheel,
With my fa la la la, &c.

So get me my sweetheart and wish me good bye,
All away to the dale, &c.
If the bonny lad's willing, I'm now in my prime,
And sure 'tis a pity to lose any time,
With my fa la la la, &c.

Rest. Curse me, if I know what to make of her—She seems a perfect natural—I'll put her to the grand test at once. Pray, my dear, did you receive a book I sent you?

Mar. Oh! yes, sir, we received it—it was about politics—and such a heap of foolishness, you can't think.

Rest. A perfect idiot decidedly—why, was there ever—where's your mother, girl?

Mar. She's looking after the things, sir.

Rest. An old fool, writing me a cock and a bull story of her sense and education.

Mar. Lauk! what a deal of figuring! *(pulling his papers about.)*

Rest. Let the figuring alone. 'Sdeath and the devil—I'll go and give the old woman such a sessarara—Damme, I'll send her back to Scotland in a whirlwind. [*Exit.*

Mar. A most amiable relation I have discovered, upon my life.

PEGGY *enters.*

Peggy. Oh! madam, madam!

Mar. What now?

Peggy. As sure as I live, ma'am, Mr. Restive's unfortunate nephew is no other person than Captain Somerville himself.

Mar. Impossible!

Peggy. It's true, ma'am, indeed. I've just seen both him and Mr. Forage from a window, and they're both coming into the house. Oh, Lord! ma'am, here they are.

SOMERVILLE *and* FORAGE *enter.*

Som. Is it possible?—Marian!

Mar. Somerville!

For. Peggy!

Peggy. Mr. Forage!

Mar. And are you my cousin?

Som. And are you the sister's husband's brother's wife's daughter?

Mar. The same.

Som. and *Mar. (together)* Oh! my dear cousin! *(embrace)*

Peggy, & *For.* {Oh! my dear Mr. Forage. / Oh! my dear Peggy.} *(embrace also.)*

Som. This is surely the most auspicious moment!

Mar. Oh, yes! our salutation being over, now you may congratulate yourself. It's a very auspicious moment indeed. Here have I arrived post haste from Scotland to marry your rival, and turn you out of doors.

Som. Why, upon my honour, under all appearances, I see no reason to imagine the contrary.

Mar. Oh! don't flatter yourself—You *have* no reason to imagine the contrary.

Som. My dear Marian, surely you can't be serious—surely you never can intend—

Mar. Bless my soul, here's the young philosopher quite in a fluster—Pray be composed for a moment. Here, Peggy—go to my mother, and whisper her to detain old Restive as long as possible.

Peggy. I will, ma'am.

Mar. And not a word of this discovery.

Peggy. Oh! no ma'am.

For. Oh! no, ma'am, certainly.

Peggy. Come along, Mr. Forage.

For. Come along. I hope when I return, sir, I shall find you a little better.

[*Exeunt* Forage *and* Peggy.

Mar. Now, sir, if you see any just cause or impediment why Doctor Truckle and Marian Ramsay should not be joined together in holy matrimony, you are now to declare it. This is the first time of asking.

Som. And can you find none?

Mar. None, I am sure, that you have a right

to urge. What! never to have written for six weeks!

Som. I received no answer to my last.

Mar. It didn't deserve one, sir. It was too confident, too much *en cavalier*—not one pang, doubt, or fear—why, sir, did you forget you were writing to a woman?—or did you suppose me a philosopher in petticoats?

Som. Prescribe my penance, and my offence shall be expiated.

Mar. Ah! it's lucky for you that the unfortunate cousin pleads for the negligent lover, or heaven knows what you might have had to go through.

Som. You are all generosity.

Mar. Well, well, no compliments now, but hear my plan. Before I knew that these two interesting characters were combined in your person, I had determined to redress your wrongs in the former, by becoming the greater plague to your uncle of the two. That project I now reverse—and direct all my powers of pleasing towards him, all my talents of annoyance against your rival.

Som. Delightful!

Mar. On such an occasion I shall not be overnice, I assure you; and if I bring the Doctor to refuse me, which I certainly will, a rupture must ensue—out of his disgrace we may insinuate your restoration, and make you the successor to all his hopes, and all his honours.

Som. You transport me at the thought!

Mar. In the meantime we must carefully disguise our acquaintance; and my first blind shall be to encourage your uncle's resentment against you.

Som. I'll second your intention. To you I commit all—and never was more proud than in adoring you as my guardian angel.

Mar. No compliments now. We must part to prevent suspicion. Let us offer our devotions to the little god of love, and fear nothing.

Som. I'll offer him the sincerest that ever ascended from his altar.

DUET.

Som. God of love! assert thy fame,
Mar. Let not dotage mock thy name.
Som. Pr'ythee aid my wretched case,
Mar. Pr'ythee view his woeful face.
Both. Be thou our guide, and thou our friend,
And should success our hopes attend,
Sing lera lara then will we,
A merry song in praise of thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*An Apartment.*

Re-enter RESTIVE *to* MARIAN.

Rest. Ha! ha! ha! a very pleasant frolic indeed, and so you are a very clever young girl after all.

Mar. At least, sir, I'm not the fool you took me for.

Rest. And it was all to try my temper, eh?

Mar. Nothing else. I had heard you were so terribly passionate! And, considering how rude I was, I'm sure you were as patient as an angel.

Rest No, damn it, I was in a bit of a passion, too; but at such a disappointment who would not be, my darling?

Mar. It was very kind of you, I'm sure.

Rest. And then that book I was talking of, you know, called a View of the State of Public Affairs.

Mar. Oh, delightful!

Rest. No, do you think so?

Mar. Charming, sir.

Rest. I'm the author of it.

Mar. No, sir!

Rest. I am, indeed; and what's more, I've another just ready for the press; I'll show it you; it's the scheme of a grand political union.

Mar. Why, what a fine head you must have!

Rest. And besides that I have a decided plan for paying off the national debt.

Mar. For paying it off, sir?

Rest. Aye; by instalments—at three, six, and twelve months.

Mar. Glorious! and to those prodigious plans the Doctor has no objection.

Rest. Why I own he has found one objection to each of them, which certainly at first seems rather formidable; but then, as he says, why if ministers can get over that themselves, what the devil are they good for?

Mar. Very true, sir; you're a great character—you've inspired me—and I'm determined to assist you.

Rest. What, a young woman turn politician?

Mar. Why not, sir? we've had plenty of old ones in that capacity, I'm sure.

Rest. That's devilish keen. Oh, I see the Doctor will be delighted with you; just the character he looks for and desires; sound sense, solid information, and no romance.

Mar. (Aside) So, that's my cue for the Doctor; but when shall I see the Doctor, sir?

Rest. Oh! what you're impatient! I'll tell you what—a whim has seized him, to steal upon you without your knowing him; so I promised to give him his way—but I thought by giving you the hint, you might improve it to your advantage—you understand.

Mar. Thankye, sir; I shall use it to my advantage, I've no doubt—but then alone, sir?

Rest. Aye, what of that?

Mar. Lord, sir, these scholastic characters sometimes break out very strangely.

Rest. Nonsense. Bless you, the Doctor won't break out, I'll answer for it. Oh, here comes my nephew—he'll be prettily annoyed at seeing you; or, do you know, I should not wonder at his making love to you.

Mar. Well, do you know I should not wonder at that either.

Rest. I should like to catch him at it.

Mar. That's what I've often said to myself, sir.

Rest. Now we'll quiz him.

Mar. We will, sir; we will plague him famously.

SOMERVILLE *enters.*

Rest. Well, sir, pray what brings you here?

Som. Chiefly, sir—curiosity and respect for my fair cousin.

Rest. Oh, if that's all, sir, there she is—look at her, make your bow, and walk off.

Mar. Aye, the sooner the better, I'm sure.

Rest. There, sir, how do you like her now?

Som. She's an angel, sir. And is this fair creature so soon to be sacrificed?

Mar. No sacrifice, sir.

Rest. No, sir, no sacrifice—and therefore no more of your impertinence; but pray oblige us with your absence.

Som. And am I never to find you in good humour, sir?

Rest. You will not put me into an ill humour again, sir, I promise you.

QUARTETTO.

Rest. Your jesting and jeering,
Your taunting and sneering,
All rage disappearing,
We treat but with scorn.

Mar. You'll find it in vain, sir,
To try them again, sir,
They'll meet with disdain, sir,
So pack, and be gone.

Som. Is then virtue still oppos'd?
Spite of all my love and truth,
Can such tender hearts be closed
'Gainst a poor unhappy youth?

Rest. Yes, your jesting and your jeering, &c.
Leave the room—that's plain and flat, sir,
Leave the room
Som. I understand,
Only let me first—
Rest. Well, what, sir?
Som. Kiss my fair relation's hand.
(Kisses her hand.)
Mar. See, sir, how my hand he tears.
Rest. With the other box his ears.
(She boxes his ears.)
Bravo!
Som. Bravo! too, say I.
All. You are welcome, heartily.

Som. You see how I strive, sir, your passion to hinder.
Rest. Begone, sir, I say; or my patience you'll tire,
(Enter GREGORY, *with papers half burnt.)*
Greg. Oh! dear sir, the wind has been in at the window,
And blown all your cyphering into the fire.
Rest. I'm ruin'd!
Som. Forgive your poor nephew!
Rest. No, never!
Now you and the nation are ruin'd for ever!
Som. Then I and the nation are ruin'd for ever!
Mar. Now you and the nation, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*as before.*

SOMERVILLE *and* FORAGE *meeting.*

FORAGE.

So, sir, you're determined to keep it up, and die hard, I perceive.

Som. Don't you see my plan, Forage? it's all to blind him the more effectually to my understanding with my cousin, and strengthen the masked battery she means to open on the Doctor.

For. Well, sir, I wish you success.

Rest. (Without) This instant, sir!—Do it directly!

For. He seems to be giving some tremendous orders to Gregory, all levelled against us I'm afraid, sir. Oh! here comes the accomplished messenger himself.

GREGORY *enters.*

Som. Well, sir!

Greg. Mr. Somerville—I won't ax you how you do, for fear you should take it uncivil; so, sir, briefly, not to be guilty of no unpoliteness, my master's compliments, and you're to turn out of this house immediately.

Som. To turn out of the house?

Greg. Yes; or else I and Simon, and Doctor Truckle and the constable, are to make you.

Som. Sir, I should be very sorry to be troublesome to a party of such agreeable gentlemen, and therefore my compliments to your master, and I obey his request.

Greg. Why that's behaving as genteel as a man can do.

Som. (apart to FORAGE.) You'll find me in the shrubbery; wait till the Doctor's interview with Marian, and bring me news of the event; and in the meantime make a friend of Gregory, in case of the worst.

For. I will, sir.

Som. Mr. Gregory, I wish you a very good morning. [*Exit.*

Greg. The same to you, sir, and many happy returns. Now, I can't say but I feel for that young gentleman vastly.

For. And well you may, Mr. Gregory; for love, sir—disobedience in a love affair is the cause of all his misfortunes. You know what it is to love.

Greg. I do indeed; for Polly Smallfry I'd give up all the world.

For. Just like me and my master. And pray, who is this fair lady?

Greg. She and her mother, sir, are in the oyster line at Plymouth. Soon after we was acquainted, says I to her, one day, as she was a standing at the shop-door, her beautiful arm leaning upon a kit of pickled salmon—"Polly," says I, "we're neither on us rich, but love's every thing; only say the word and I'll make you my spouse directly, and trust to Providence."

For. And she wou'dn't consent?

Greg. Why her mother answered for her: in her particular friendly and tender manner, "Gregory," says she, "don't you go and make a damn'd fool of yourself; it's time enough of you to think of marriage when you've laid up something to make the pot boil."

For. That was a damper.

Greg. Rather—but when we parted——

For. Ah! that parting's a trying moment;

I know it well, Mr. Gregory; their vows, their tokens of constancy. You see this beautiful bit of sky-blue silk? *(his watch ribbon.)*

Greg. I do, sir.

For. It was my Peggy's parting gift to me as you see, to make myself this elegant watch ribbon.

Greg. And do you see this beautiful piece of black ribbon? *(taking one from his bosom.)*

For. I do.

Greg. It was what my Polly gin me at our parting.

For. Indeed!

Greg. Yes; to make myself a tail with; of course, that binds me to her for ever.

For. And to us too, I hope, Mr. Gregory; you will be our friend.

Greg. I will, depend upon it. To tell you the truth, I wonder master didn't order me to turn you out too.

Rest. (without.) Gregory!

Greg. There! I shou'dn't wonder now but he's recollected himself. But don't you be uneasy, I'm your friend, and I'll show you the door as politely as possible, take my word for it.

[*Exit* GREGORY.

For. And so I'm to turn out.—Well! I shall not be quizz'd for my singularity in that respect, however.

SONG.

Love and poverty's fate is turn out! turn out!
Love and poverty's fate is turn out!
But the rich blockhead's store,
Alas! opens the door,
Through which merit, if poor, must turn out, turn out,
Through which merit, if poor, must turn out.

Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out, turn out,
Great statesmen, when doom'd to turn out,

Though full of their graces,
When snug in their places,
With very wry faces turn out, turn out,
With very wry faces turn out.

Our foe would their neighbours turn out, turn out,
Our foe would their neighbours turn out;
But John Bull is so queer,
He'll sometimes interfere,
Just to trouble Mounseer to turn out, turn out,
Just to trouble Mounseer to turn out.

In the playhouse they often turn out, turn out;
In the playhouse they often turn out;
And isn't it boring,
To hear them encoring,
While others are roaring, "Turn out! turn out!"
While others are roaring, "Turn out!"

Poor poets must often turn out, turn out;
Poor poets are often turn'd out:
'Tis e'en thus with the great;
So the poet must wait,
To know if his fate is, "Turn out! turn out!"
To know if his fate is, "Turn out!"

SCENE. *Another Apartment.*

Enter RESTIVE *and* Dr. TRUCKLE.

Rest. You rejoice my heart, Doctor—Set it to rights, do you say?

Dr. Tr. Every figure of it.

Rest. You save me from despair! You're the best friend I have in the world; and you shall have the girl directly. Just to your mind, Doctor! Aren't you happy?

Dr. Tr. Quite, quite happy! I'm not quite so lively as you, sir; but quite happy, I assure you.

Rest. But zounds! why aren't you lively? Ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think how Ned will be mortified. Ha! ha! ha!

Dr. Tr. Ha! ha!

Rest. That's right, Doctor! laugh, think of

the wedding! Won't you dance and sing at the wedding, my boy? Tol de riddle! &c.

Dr. Tr. To be sure, sir. Tol de riddle lol!

Rest. Egad, we'll have such a day of it!

SONG.

Hey for the merry wedding-day!
Bride and bridegroom in a twitter;
Here they laugh, and there they titter;
Horns and hautboys blow before us,
Marrowbone and cleaver chorus;
You the bridegroom spruce and gay.
Dong ding dong
We trip along!
Hey for the merry wedding-day! &c.

Like a prince ev'ry man in the village shall live,
I'll have such a glorious jollification;
And, by way of desert, after dinner I'll give
My opinion at large on the state of the nation.
Then hey for the merry wedding-day! &c.

Bravo! Doctor! Hark! she's coming! You had better retire a moment till I prepare her.—You're to come incog, you know.

Dr. Tr. Incog, sir, if you please.

[*Exit, and then enter* MARIAN.

Rest. Well, my love! the Doctor has set all my plans right again, and I've appointed him to find you here; and he's coming directly. Are you quite prepared?

Mar. Quite, sir.

Rest. Then I'll leave you to receive him.

GREGORY *enters.*

Greg. Did you call, sir?

Rest. Have you obeyed my orders, sir?

Greg. Yes, sir, and the young gentleman's gone in the handsomest manner you could wish.

Rest. And who did I hear you talking to, sir?

Greg. His man, Mr. Forage, sir.

Rest. Turn him out too,

Greg. Yes, sir; any body else, sir?

Rest. Get out, sir. [*Exit* GREGORY. Come, I've disposed of my worst plagues, however; and now do you settle the Doctor's business, and you'll make a happy man of me.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I'll do my best to settle his business—sir, I promise you. Now, then, to encounter him with all the extravagance of shallow ignorance and sentimental distress. Here he is. *(Takes a pensive and desponding attitude.)*

DOCTOR *enters.*

Dr. Tr. So, there she is. A comely appendage to good fortune, faith! *(To her.)* Your most obedient, miss—what! is she asleep? How do you do, my dear?

Mar. I beg pardon—my mind was so lost.

Dr. Tr. I am a friend of the family, ma'am, and took the liberty of paying my respects to you.

Mar. You're very polite, sir.

Dr. Tr. What, your mind was occupied, I suppose, with some late subject of your studies. Reading, I find, is a favourite amusement with you.

Mar. Now and then, sir, to beguile my solitary reflections.

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) Solitary reflections! come, that's a hint that she'd like a companion, however. *(To her.)* And pray, miss, what work may have last engaged your attention?

Mar. What work, sir?

Dr. Tr. Yes, ma'am, what work?

Mar. To tell you the truth, sir, it's so long since I've done any work at all, that I declare I don't remember.

Dr. Tr. Oh dear! you misconceive me, ma'am.

I mean, what literary work—what work have you been reading?

Mar. Oh! what book, sir? Let me see—the last, I think, was Horrid Mysteries.

Dr. Tr. Horrid Mysteries! zounds, a red-hot romance to begin with.

Mar. In the country, sir, we have so little variety, it's quite a shame.

Dr. Tr. Indeed, ma'am! and yet your town is a town of some business and consequence. Pray what are the number of its inhabitants?

Mar. Oh! lord, sir—lately my heart has been too full to think of counting 'em.

Dr. Tr. To think of counting 'em—why, she talks like a perfect ignoramus. And pray, miss, have you no taste for ancient or modern history?

Mar. Ancient history! ah! what has ancient history to excite the soft sympathies of the soul?

Dr. Tr. The soft sympathies of the soul!

Mar. Except the story of Anthony and Cleopatra, and the gentleman that swam across the Mediterranean, and a few others, 'tis tedious all!

Dr. Tr. The gentleman that swam across the Mediterranean! She means the Hellespont, I suppose. And pray, miss, what are these sympathies that you so particularly cherish?

Mar. What? surely the sympathies of the tenderest of passions.

Dr. Tr. You have experienced them then?

Mar. Would to heaven I had not!

Dr. Tr. And pray, miss, has your heart been so full on that account?

Mar. Alas! it has. How often have I sat upon the naked rock in the deep shades of evening, while the rain of heaven poured on my unsheltered head, heedless of all but the sorrows of my aching heart.

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) Very rational—indeed, sitting in the dark on a naked rock, in a hard shower. Why, her head's as full of romance as a circulating library, and seemingly as empty of common sense. But pray, miss, how came this terrible heart-ache?

Mar. From my fatal passion, sir.

Dr. Tr. Fatal, ma'am?

Mar. You shall hear all, sir. You appear a fatherly sympathizing friend, and may prove a comforter.

Dr. Tr. Yes, ma'am; I've a deal of sympathy in your case, I assure you.

Mar. Then you shall hear all.

Dr. Tr. If you please, ma'am; only in as plain language as your feelings will admit of, and I shall be the more obliged to you.

Mar. Excuse my wanderings, sir.

Dr. Tr. Begin, ma'am.

Mar. One night—

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) Confound it! a very suspicious beginning.

Mar. One night, sir—

Dr. Tr. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. Be that night for ever blotted from the Calendar.

Dr. Tr. Bless my soul, it must have been a very bad night indeed.

Mar. Quite the reverse, sir—but I must endeavour to suppress my emotions.

Dr. Tr. The more the better, ma'am, certainly.

Mar. I'll begin again, sir.

Dr. Tr. If you please.

Mar. The evening was serene and tranquil.

Dr. Tr. Yes, yes, it was a fine evening.

Mar. And the bright luminary of the night

riding her ethereal course, tipped the surrounding landscape with her silvery beams.

Dr. Tr. Pooh, pooh! madam, that's all moonshine.

Mar. It was so, sir. I was sauntering near a favourite bower.

Dr. Tr. A bower! *(aside)* Oh, then it's all over, I'm afraid.

Mar. My Edward suddenly appeared before me.

Dr. Tr. Yes, ma'am.

Mar. He never looked more lovely.

Dr. Tr. (Aside) The old story, exactly.

Mar. He directed my step towards the bower.

Dr. Tr. (Aside) Confound him, I knew he would.

Mar. He knelt before me, sighed, wept, swore he should die at my feet.

Dr. Tr. Well, ma'am.

Mar. The rest I leave to your sympathetic imagination.

Dr. Tr. To my sympathetic imagination! I suppose I understand you, ma'am.

Mar. I've no doubt but you do, sir.

Dr. Tr. (Aside) Yes, it's a clear case. Adieu, Mrs. Truckle! Adieu all the little Truckles of my sympathetic imagination!

Mar. But you know I'm to be married soon, sir.

Dr. Tr. I give the gentleman joy, ma'am.

Mar. And then I and my lover and my husband may live together in a band of sentimental friendship, like Julia and the amiable St. Preux.

Dr. Tr. The devil take the amiable St. Preux, and his whole fraternity.

Mar. Ha! what do I hear! muttering to yourself! You too plotting to take advantage of my confidence, and plunge me deeper in distress.

Dr. Tr. I, madam!

Mar. Cruel wretch! but it shall never be. Let me alone, sir!

Dr. Tr. I'm not near you, ma'am.

Mar. I'll call for assistance.

Dr. Tr. Madam, I'm astonished.

Mar. (screams) Ha! help! help! save me! save me! *(falls into the Doctor's arms.)*

GREGORY *enters.*

Greg. What's the matter? Oh, Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

RESTIVE *enters.*

Rest. What the devil's the matter here?

Greg. Why, I heard the young lady call out for help, sir, and when I came in, this is the way I cotch the Doctor.

Rest. Why, what is the meaning of all this?

Mar. (recovering) Oh, dear sir, I'm glad you're come.

Rest. Why, damn it, the Doctor has broke out then after all.

Mar. The Doctor! what then is this dear little gentleman to be my husband?

Rest. To be sure he is. Come, come, its time to throw off the mask; and since matters have taken such a turn, egad you shall be married to-morrow morning.

Dr. Tr. Pardon me, sir; for reasons which I shall communicate in private, this marriage cannot take place.

Rest. What do you mean? You won't marry her!

Dr. Tr. It is impossible.

Rest. Why, you impudent old sinner—behave in this manner, and not marry her!

Mar. What, not marry me, sir!

Rest. Hold your tongue, girl.

Greg. Why, what an ungenteel little stump of iniquity you must be.

Rest. Get out of the way—will you marry her?

Dr. Tr. If you knew the reason—

Rest. There can be no reason, sir—will you marry her?

Dr. Tr. It cannot be.

Rest. Gregory!

Greg. Yes, sir.

Rest. Turn him out.

Dr. Tr. If you would only hear me.

Rest. Turn him out of the house.

Greg. With the greatest pleasure; only I'm afraid by-and-bye you'll have nobody left in it.

Rest. Out with him.

Greg. You will excuse me, Doctor, but bundle you must. *(pushing him)*

Dr. Tr. But, Mr. Restive—

Greg. I ax your pardon, sir, but I must do my duty. *(pushing still.)*

Rest. Leave the house directly, sir—Turn him out. (GREGORY *shoves him out*, RESTIVE *following and threatening.)*

FORAGE *enters to* MARIAN.

For. Huzza! ma'am, now is your time—I'll carry my master the news directly.

Mar. Stop, Forage, *(sits down and writes)*; take him at the same time this line of encouragement, and tell him I'll write again as soon as possible. There—run, or you'll be detected.

For. I'm gone, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mar. I'll cover your retreat. [*Exit following.*

RESTIVE *returns.*

Rest. Ha! I saw it all. Gregory!

GREGORY *returns.*

Greg. Yes, sir.

Rest. Here's treason, a conspiracy, a correspondence with the enemy; run after the villain, catch him, search him; if I detect her, I'll turn her out too, and send all my relations to the devil together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*an Arbour in the middle of a Shrubbery, with an Avenue leading from behind.*

Enter SOMERVILLE.

Som. Disgrace upon disgrace—but my Marian smiles, and with the power of enchantment disperses every anxiety.

RONDO.

Why should I sigh,
Ah tell me why?
If love inspire my duty,
No care shall dwell
Around that spell,—
The magic smile of beauty!

" Where pleasure wreathed in flowers,
" Leads on the laughing hours,
" From thee, my love, the charm I prove,
" That decks her rosy bowers."

Beneath misfortune's shade,
Should hope a moment fade,
Till echoes sweet, thy name repeat,
I'll sing of thee, fair maid!

I wonder I see nothing of Forage yet.

FORAGE *enters with a Basket of Provisions.*

For. Don't be impatient, sir, here I am.

Som. Well, sir, what's all this?

For. Comfort, sir, of the only kind I could

bring you. Unfortunately as our appetites are very likely to survive our good luck, I thought a pigeon-pie, and a bottle of good Madeira, might chance to be of some service to us.

Som. A very provident precaution—but the news, sir, the news?

For. Bad, sir, terribly bad; the lady commenced her attack in the most gallant style, brought the Doctor to a downright refusal, and your uncle had actually turned him headlong out of the house, when unluckily, sir, a billet of intelligence with which I was charged, was suddenly seized upon my person, the whole conspiracy betrayed, and the consequence will be, sir, that the Doctor will be sent for back immediately.

Som. That we must prevent then; which way is he gone?

For. Gregory says, he's hereabouts, sir, and promised to bring us the first account of his instructions.

Som. If we can find him, a plan strikes me to make him a greater rebel than ever; and if we can but make my uncle a listener to his treason—Ah! luckily here he comes; now take your cue from me, and you shall see in the first place to what excellent discipline this tame philosopher may be brought.

For. I'm ready, sir. [*They retire.*

Doctor TRUCKLE *enters.*

Dr. Tr. After all my devotion to his whims and vanities, to turn me out just at dinner-time, without a friend to fly to, and exposed to my worst of enemies, that infernal Captain and his impudent valet—If I should meet 'em—

SOMERVILLE *and* FORAGE *advance.*

Som. Ah! my dear Doctor.

For. Ah! my dear Doctor.

Dr. Tr. Ah! gentlemen! how d'ye do, gentlemen? You see how it is with me, Captain, sharing the same fate with you, "lost in one general undistinguished ruin," "*e uno disce omnes.*" You can't be offended with me.

Som. Offended! oh no, we wish to be jocular and friendly with you, my old boy. *(strikes him on the shoulder.)*

For. Yes, quite jocular and friendly, my old boy. *(slapping him on the shoulder.)*

Dr. Tr. Gentlemen, gentlemen—*(they stop.)* Really, Mr. Somerville, I'm afraid you're under some misapprehension respecting my conduct: if I could have thought it would have made you angry—

Som. Angry, sir? I'm never angry: if I have occasion to break a fellow's bones, I always do it with the most perfect composure and good-breeding. *(Shakes his cane.)*

Dr. Tr. I've no doubt of it. *(Glancing fearfully first at him, then at* FORAGE.)

For. Yes, it's very true, and I'm just such another well-bred little fellow as my master.

Dr. Tr. That you are, I'm sure, Mr. Forage.

Som. But you, Doctor, are my friend: my own misfortunes are nothing; but you, my genius, my Mentor, my Pythagoras—to turn you out! and perhaps without your dinner too.

Dr. Tr. Without a single mouthful.

Som. Then you shall dine with us, and we'll crown our friendship in a bottle of generous Madeira.

Dr. Tr. A bottle of Madeira!

Som. Look ye there, my friend.
(Showing the provision.)

For. (Showing the bottles.) What do you say to this, my old Pythagoras?

Som. Lay the cloth directly, Forage.
(FORAGE *lays the cloth in the arbour.)*

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) If I might venture now—if I thought there was no chance of returning—

Som. (Loudly.) What is it you say about venturing? do you doubt my sincerity?

Dr. Tr. Not in the least, sir.

Som. Give me your hand, sir. *(He gives it timidly,* SOMERVILLE *shakes it violently.)* I'm your friend for ever, sir; you're an injured man, and I've an appointment for you myself.

Dr. Tr. An appointment for me!

Som. Yes, from a rich old widow.

Dr. Tr. (Aside.) A rich old widow! I breathe again. Oh! I'll be jolly with them.

For. It's all ready, sir.

Som. Take your seat, Doctor, I beg.

Dr. Tr. With the greatest pleasure in life. *(Goes to the table.)*

GREGORY *enters cautiously, and beckons.*

For. Here's Gregory, sir.

Som. Take care of the Doctor.
[*Goes to* GREGORY.

For. I'll take care of him, sir.—Now, Doctor, *(puts a napkin under his chin.)*

Greg. (To SOMERVILLE.) Master's sent me to bring the Doctor back.

Som. Tell your master he can't come; and harkye—*(Takes* GREGORY *apart.)*

Dr. Tr. Pray, Mr. Forage, don't give yourself so much trouble.

For. No trouble in the world.

Dr. Tr. But where's the Captain?

For. He's coming directly. Eyes left, Doctor, if you please, *(turns his head.)* Come, let's drink his health in his absence.

Dr. Tr. With all my heart.

For. We have no glasses, Doctor; a bumper-horn, if you please. *(Fills horns.)*

Dr. Tr. I don't like horns, Mr. Forage; that antipathy has been the ruin of me.

For. But to the Captain's health.

Dr. Tr. Oh! to the Captain's health, certainly.

For. Here's the Captain's good health.

Dr. Tr. Here's the Captain's good health.

[*They drink.*

Greg. *(To* SOMERVILLE.) I understand, sir; I'll bring him, never you fear. [*Exit.*

Som. Thankye, gentlemen, I'll fill to you in return. Come, Doctor, what d'ye eat? Help the Doctor, sir.

For. Yes, sir. You don't eat, Doctor.

[*Stuffs him.*

Dr. Tr. Stop, stop! *(choaking)* you'll choak me, Mr. Forage.

Som. Another glass to wash it down, Doctor.

Dr. Tr. My dear Captain, I've just drank.

Som. Drink again then, sir, to our future friendship. *(Fills.)*

Dr. Tr. Well, here's to our future friendship. *(Drinks.)*

Som. Down with it, Doctor *(helps him).* How do you like it?

Dr. Tr. *(Betraying symptoms of intoxication, which gradually increase throughout the Scene.)* Like it! it makes me quite gay and airy—quite frisky and comical. Ecod, I'll go and talk to the old gentleman.

Som. No, you mustn't; henceforth you shall live

with us at the garrison. Remember your appointment.

Dr. Tr. Aye, now for my appointment.

Som. Yes, from Mrs. Dandlectick, a rich old widow, as private tutor to Ensign Dandlectick; come let's drink to the rich old widow.

Dr. Tr. With all my heart—"To the rich old widow" *(drinks).*

[*Here* RESTIVE *and* GREGORY *steal from the avenue and listen,* MARIAN *watching behind.* SOMERVILLE *and* FORAGE *perceive them through the Arbour, and make signs of mutual intelligence—filling the wine.*

For. A liberal salary, Doctor.

Som. And a soldier's life!

For. Good cheer!

Som. Women and wine!

Dr. Tr. Say no more, say no more; I'm your man—I'll blow up the old politician. Women and wine for ever; another glass, another horn—"To the army."

Som. Bumpers.

Dr. Tr. Bumpers, if you please.

For. Bumpers, by all means.

Alternately. "The army."

Dr. Tr. Now I'm president, and I'll give you another toast—"Here's confusion to all crazy old politicians."

Som. and *For.* Bravo! *(repeat the toast alternately).*

Dr. Tr. And now we'll go to the garrison; come along, gentlemen, and let's dance all the way.

Som. and *For.* Come along, Doctor *(help him out of the Arbour).*

[*They sing and dance about.* RESTIVE *comes forward, joins them in imitation, and confronts the Doctor.*

Dr. Tr. Zounds! here's the old politician.

Rest. Oh! you ungrateful, drunken, old hypocrite *(threatening)*.

Dr. Tr. That for you!—Mrs. Dandlectick for ever!—I'm going to the garrison.

Rest. You'll go to the devil, you old villain, you will.

Mar. (Having advanced) Poor little Doctor!

Rest. What business have you here? and you, you graceless—*(to* SOMERVILLE, *who remonstrates with him)*.

For. to *Dr. Tr.* Excuse our jocularity, Doctor; but Mrs. Dandlectick is all a hoax.

Dr. Tr. All a what?

For. All a joke!

Dr. Tr. All a joke?

For. Exactly.

Dr. Tr. Then "*Spes et fortuna valete.*"

Rest. Take the old wretch out of my sight, and never let me see his face again.

For. Come, Doctor.

Dr. Tr. Thus fell Cardinal Wolsey.

[*Exit, led off by* FORAGE *and* GREGORY.

Mar. And pray, sir, who is to be my husband then? You have sent for me out of Scotland on purpose to be married, and therefore a husband you must find me.

Rest. Really!—You're in a great hurry, perhaps?

Mar. Why, sir, you need not look far, I'm sure.

Rest. Indeed! I understand you, but I'm not so easily managed; no, miss, your mother has told me of a generous young soldier that drew six months advance of his pay to release your cousin Andrew from prison—I find he's your admirer, and he's the man that shall succeed the Doctor.

Mar. Then there he stands, sir; and I hope ready to abide by your determination.

Rest. What—my profligate Ned?

Mar. Your profligate Ned, sir; and what's more, he said if his dear uncle had been there he shou'dn't have been reduced to the necessity he was.

Rest. Did he say that?

Mar. Why shou'dn't he, sir? when I've so often heard him protest that he loved you dearly.

Rest. And does he own to all this?

Som. Did I ever disown it, sir?

Rest. Then, damn it, you're an honest fellow; so come to my arms *(embraces him)*, and now take her to your's.

Enter FORAGE, PEGGY, *and* GREGORY.

For. Huzza! I wish you joy sir; for you have made two couple happy together.

Greg. Now if Polly Smallfry was here, what a complete and genteel party we should be!

Rest. And now, sir *(to* SOMERVILLE), if you and your new relation have come to terms, I fancy I may as well restore you to your old quarters; and henceforth, in my house, let independence keep her place, and hypocritical servility turn out.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

Relations and friends
Our quarrelling ends,
And Candour her reign shall begin;
The rival turn'd out,
We'll revel and shout,
While mirth and good humour turn in.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

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